DC

CARTOON NETWORK

#42 JAN '01

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

SCOOBY-DOO!

WOW, THESE SPOOKY MASKS ARE A *BIG HIT* WITH EVERY-ONE HERE!

STATON & HUNT

L-L-LIKE, AND THIS ONE'S JUST *BIG!*

MAY.

ZOINKS! WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE A SKELETON? THEY'RE THE *WORST!*

JULY.

RIKES! I HATE SKRELLINGTONS!

LIKE, SO DO I, SCOOB! SO DO I!

SEPTEMBER.

GRRRR

RO-OAH, SKRELLINGTON!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

NOVEMBER.

REXICO! MMM, RURRITOS!

WELCOME TO MEXICO

¡BIENVENIDO A MEJICO!

DON'T FORGET THE QUESADILLAS, TACOS, AND CHILI CON CARNE!

I LOVE MEXICAN FOOD.

WELL, WHERE WE'RE GOING THERE'S A MEXICAN DISH YOU'VE NEVER HAD BEFORE.

A FOOD I'VE NEVER HAD BEFORE?! WHATEVER IT IS, BRING IT ON!

YEAH, YEAH, RING IT ON!

OKAY, IT'S CALLED *PAN DE LOS MUERTOS.* IN ENGLISH, THAT MEANS--

DIG THEM BONES

-- "BREAD OF THE DEAD."

ZOINKS! I THINK I'LL PASS!

RHEE TOO.

JOHN ROZUM - WRITER
JOE STATON - PENCILLER
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RYAN CLINE - LETTERER

PAUL BECTON - COLORS
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SHAGGY, YOU AND SCOOBY ARE THE BIGGEST COWARDS IN THE WORLD!

AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT WE'RE VERY PROUD OF THAT RECORD, AND WE PLAN TO KEEP IT UP!

WE BROUGHT YOU TWO CHICKENS HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT SKELETONS AREN'T ALWAYS SOMETHING THAT YOU NEED TO FEAR.

DAPHNE'S RIGHT. THE MEXICAN DAY OF THE DEAD HOLIDAY IS A TIME TO *CELEBRATE* THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS AND FAMILY WHO ARE NO LONGER LIVING.

IT'S ALSO A CELEBRATION OF THE CYCLE OF LIFE.
IT'S A HAPPY TIME MEANT FOR REJOICING, NOT MOURNING.
LIKE, CHECK IT OUT, SCOOBY. ALL THE MERCHANTS ARE GIVING THE GHOULS IN THE COFFINS FREE ORANGES.
RUCKY STIFFS.
HEE HEE. GOOD ONE, SCOOB!
ZOINKS!
RELAX, YOU TWO. THEY'RE MADE OF SUGAR.
YOU MEAN WE CAN EAT THEM?
GULP
NOT ANYMORE. IT LOOKS LIKE SCOOBY BEAT YOU TO IT.
CHOMP
LIKE, HEY!
DON'T WORRY, SHAGGY. THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM.

PLEASE, HELP YOURSELVES!

YOU GUYS WERE RIGHT, NOT ALL SKELETONS ARE SCARY!

SCOOB AND I LIKE *THESE* CREEPY SKELETONS, RIGHT, SCOOB?

REAH! REAH! ROO CAN REAT THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT, SCOOB, AND ANYTHING YOU CAN EAT IS OKAY BY US.

NOW, WHICH ONE TO--

LEAVE THIS PLACE!

?

LEAVE NOW!

ZOINKS! THAT'S A SKELETON THAT I'M MOST DEFINITELY AFRAID OF!

RHEE TOO!

YOU MUST GO!

BUT, WHY?

BECAUSE YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE.

THIS IS A SACRED TIME OF CELEBRATION. AND SINCE I FOUNDED THIS VILLAGE OVER SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO, NO OUTSIDERS HAVE BEEN PERMITTED!

NOW GO!

N-N-N-NO PROBLEM, WE'LL BE OUT OF YOUR HAIR--

UH... HEH HEH ...OR WHATEVER YOU SKELETONS WEAR UNDER YOUR SOMBREROS-- RIGHT AWAY...

JUST LET ME GET SOME CANDY FOR THE...

...ROAD?

HMPH!

LEAVE NOW--

-- OR NEVER LEAVE AGAIN!

IF OUR ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTOR WANTS YOU TO LEAVE, THEN YOU MUST GO!

WE CANNOT LET OUTSIDERS BRING ILL FORTUNE TO OUR TOWN!

YOU HEARD THEM, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

RUN!

JINKIES! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE CAME ALL THIS WAY ONLY TO HAVE TO TURN BACK SO SOON.

LIKE, I HATE TO TELL YOU, FREDDIE, BUT THIS VAN ISN'T AN OFF-ROAD VEHICLE.

FRED, WHY ARE YOU STOPPING? ALL THE OTHER TOURISTS ARE GOING TO LEAVE US BEHIND.

THE MYSTERY MACHINE

I'M COUNTING ON THAT. SOMETHING SMELLS FISHY AROUND HERE.

DON'T LOOK AT ME OR SCOOB. WE HAVEN'T EATEN FISH IN DAYS!

I THINK WHAT FREDDIE'S TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THERE'S A MYSTERY HERE THAT NEEDS SOLVING.

THAT'S RIGHT, VELMA. LET'S HEAD BACK TO THE TOWN AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOME CLUES.

LIKE, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT CUSTOMS HERE, GANG, BUT THAT CRAZY SKELETON WAS PRETTY CLEAR WHEN HE TOLD US TO LEAVE.

AND I'D HATE TO BE SEEN AS RUDE!

RHEE EITHER.

:BELCH:

THAT'S OUR FIRST CLUE, SHAGGY.
SCOOBY'S BURP?
NO, SILLY. IF THAT'S REALLY THE GHOST OF THE PERSON WHO FOUNDED THIS TOWN OVER 600 YEARS AGO, WHY WOULD HE BE SPEAKING ENGLISH?
THEY WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE BEEN SPEAKING *SPANISH* YET!
UH-OH, GANG! WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!
WHY ARE YOU STILL HERE? OUR GREAT ANCESTOR COMMANDED THAT YOU SHOULD GO!
BUT... WHY? WE AREN'T CAUSING ANY HARM.
I... I DON'T KNOW.
WE HAVE ALWAYS WELCOMED TOURISTS AND TOURIST DOLLARS AS A BLESSING FOR OUR TOWN. NOW WE ARE TOLD THAT YOUR PRESENCE IS A CURSE UPON US.
HE DOES ACT STRANGELY. EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS IS A HAPPY CELEBRATION. IT IS NOT A TIME TO MAKE THREATS, OR TURN PEOPLE AWAY-- NOT EVEN STRANGERS.
HMMM. I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT THAT GREAT ANCESTOR OF YOURS AGAIN.
LIKE, VELMA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT IF THAT CRAZY SKELETON SEES YOU?
THAT'S OKAY. I *WANT* HIM TO SEE ME!
RELAX, GANG, I HAVE AN IDEA OF WHAT VELMA IS UP TO.
YOU DARE TO DEFY MY WARNINGS?!
I WILL GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE TO LEAVE--
SCOOBY, FETCH THE STICK AND I'LL GIVE YOU A HANDFUL OF SCOOBY SNACKS!
SCOOBY SNACKS

REAH! REAH! ROW THE RICK!

YEAH, THROW THE STICK, VELMA! MAY THE BEST MAN-- OR DOG, WIN!

-- OR REMAIN HERE FOREV--

FETCH!

WHOOSH

¡WHOAH! ¡WHOAH! ¡WHOAH! ¡WHOAH!

WHAP

GANGWAY! COMING THROUGH!

CRACK

THUD

JUST AS I SUSPECTED FROM THOSE PECULIAR FOOTPRINTS-- *STILTS!*

NOW TO SEE WHO THIS FOUNDING FATHER REALLY IS.

¡SEÑOR SANCHEZ! BUT WHY?

I WORRY THAT TOO MANY TOURISTS WILL COMMERCIALIZE OUR EL DIA DE LOS MUERTOS FESTIVAL, AND THAT OUR CUSTOMS WILL DISAPPEAR AS THEY HAVE IN MANY OTHER PLACES.

I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT. BUT IT'S YOUR CUSTOMS THAT BROUGHT US HERE TO YOUR TOWN. WE WANTED TO EXPERIENCE THEM FIRST-HAND.

TOMORROW IS THE DAY WE SPEND DECORATING THE CEMETERY. AFTERWARDS, THERE IS A BIG PICNIC. WILL YOU PLEASE JOIN US?

WE'D BE HAPPY TO.

WELL, NOW WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET SHAGGY AND SCOOBY OVER THEIR FEAR OF SKELETONS.

YEAH, ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT PAIR HAS IN COMMON WITH A SKELETON IS THAT NONE OF THEM HAS ANY GUTS.

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT...

OH, IF ONLY ALL THE SKELETONS WE FACED WERE SO DELICIOUS!

I REALLY RIG RESE RONES.

I DIG 'EM TOO, SCOOB.

MUNCH

CHEW

CHOMP

MUNCH

HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE END

HERE IT IS, GANG-- THE NEW TECHNOLOGY FAIR. WE'RE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE ANNUAL CONTEST, WHERE STUDENTS COMPETE TO WIN SCHOLARSHIP MONEY AND RESEARCH GRANTS...

...AND THIS IS THE DEAN OF NEW TECHNOLOGY, *PROFESSOR MERVIS*.

PLYMOUTH INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

MYSTERY MACHINE

GOOD GHOST HAUNTING

BRETT LEWIS - WRITER
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PROFESSOR, THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, *FRED*, *DAPHNE*, *SHAGGY*, AND *SCOOBY-DOO*.

VELMA TELLS US WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO APPLY SOME OF THESE NEW TECHNOLOGIES TO CRIMEFIGHTING.

LIKE, HOW COULD THERE BE A BETTER WAY TO SNIFF OUT A SCAM THAN WITH SCOOBY-DOO'S NOSE?!

YES, THE FAIR HAS ALWAYS BEEN A WONDERFUL SHOWCASE FOR UNUSUAL TECHNOLOGY.

UNFORTUNATELY, WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO HAND OUT A SINGLE AWARD THIS YEAR.

BUT WHY?

THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING OF A... *SUPERNATURAL* PROBLEM.

SU-SU-SUPER...!?

...RA-RA-RATURAL?P?!!!

YOU SEE, CONTESTANTS KEEP GETTING SCARED OFF BY THE GHOST.

A GHOST? HERE?

THAT'S RIGHT... A HIDEOUS GHOSTLY *SALEM WITCH HUNTER!*

BUT, THERE HASN'T BEEN A WITCH HUNT HERE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!

ON THE CONTRARY, DEAR-- THIS IS THE *THIRD* YEAR IN A ROW WE'VE BEEN HARASSED BY THE HUNTER.

THIS YEAR, WE INSTALLED AN ALL-NEW DIGITAL SECURITY SYSTEM-- I INSTALLED IT MYSELF-- BUT STILL HE CONTINUES TO HARASS US-- OH, IT'S ALL SO DREADFUL!

BUT I READ THE P.I.T. JOURNALS EVERY MONTH, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANY MENTION OF IT.

THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S NEVER BEEN OFFICIALLY REPORTED BY THE INSTITUTION. THEY'RE TOO *EMBARRASSED*.

SCIENCE HAS NO BELIEF IN SUCH PHENOMENA-- BUT IT CAN'T EXPLAIN THEM AWAY, OR MAKE THEM LESS SCARY, EITHER.

SURE, EVERYBODY SAYS THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS! BUT SOONER OR LATER, THEY COME AROUND TO OUR WAY OF THINKING! RIGHT SCOOB?

PROFESSOR CAN WE NOSE AROUND A BIT AND TRY TO HELP?

I SUPPOSE... BUT BE WARNED, THIS INSTITUTE'S BEST MINDS HAVE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT THIS MYSTERY...

...AND THEY'VE ALL *FAILED*.

ROO-HOO-HOO! RUMMY!

LIKE YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, SCOOB OL' PAL O' MINE-- THE ONLY THING WE NEED TO NOSE AROUND FOR IS SOME *LUNCH*.

UH, I DON'T THINK YOU...

LIKE, IT'S OKAY, WAITER! WE'RE WITH THE SHOW!

BUT I'M NOT...

ROOBY-DOO!

WHAT GIVES? I'VE HEARD OF LOW- FAT, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

I TRIED TO TELL YOU... I'M NOT A WAITER... AND THAT'S MY *EXPERIMENT*.

THEY'RE ALL *HOLOGRAMS!*

IT'S JUST A TRICK OF LIGHT. SEE, OUR EYES DON'T ACTUALLY SEE OBJECTS.

THEY DON'T?

NO, THEY SEE THE VISIBLE LIGHT *REFLECTED* FROM OBJECTS. SO I USE LASERS TO PROJECT BEAMS OF LIGHT WHICH CREATE THE VISUAL ILLUSION OF AN OBJECT... IN THIS CASE, A *BUFFET*.

THIS YOUNG MAN WON THE SCHOLARSHIP LAST YEAR. THIS YEAR, HE'S GOING FOR THE RESEARCH GRANT.

LIKE, NOT TO HAVE A ONE-TRACK MIND, BUT WHERE IS THE FOOD REALLY?

IT DOESN'T REALLY EXIST. IT'S JUST IMAGES STORED IN THE MAIN COMPUTER. I'LL SHOW...

...YOU?!?

IT'S GONE!

WHAT IS IT, SCOOB?

RIKES!!

OH, GRACIOUS! IT'S THE *WITCH HUNTER!*

LET'S GET HIM!

THIS WAY, GANG!

WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED!

A DEAD END!

LIKE, DON'T SAY *DEAD!* GULP

I DON'T GET IT, FRED. THERE'S NO WAY OUT. WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT A FULL-FLEDGED MYSTERY ON OUR HANDS, GANG.

LATER, IN THE P.I.T. RESEARCH LIBRARY...

LISTEN TO THIS, SCOOB, HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, THIS *WHOLE AREA* WAS FULL OF WITCH HUNTERS!

ANY NEW TECHNOLOGY OR MEDICINE THEY DIDN'T UNDERSTAND, THEY CONSIDERED *WITCHCRAFT*. THEY HUNTED IT DOWN AND *DESTROYED* IT, SWEARING NEVER TO REST UNTIL THEY WIPED OUT ALL EVIL.

"THE SALEM WITCH TRIALS REACHED FEVER PITCH IN 1692. IN THAT YEAR, THE WITCH HUNTERS EXECUTED NO LESS THAN TWENTY SOULS FOR THE CRIME OF HERESY BY WITCHCRAFT.

"HAVING BELIEVED THAT THEY HAD CLEANSED THE IMMEDIATE AREA OF THE BLACKENED MAGIC, THE WITCH HUNTERS VOWED TO WIDEN THE SEARCH TO INCLUDE..."

CREAK

DID YOU HEAR THAT, SCOOBY?

GRRR! REAH, REAH!

CREAK

YOU *JERK!* YOU SCARED ME!

SHOEOO!

EVERYONE HERE *SHOULD* BE SCARED-- BUT NOT OF THE GHOST!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THAT JANITOR WAS AN ASPIRING SCIENTIST WHO'S BITTER THAT HIS WORK WAS REJECTED. PAY HIM NO MIND!

"THAT JANITOR" CLAIMS THAT HE *CREATED* THE HOLOGRAM TECHNOLOGY AND THAT ALL THE OTHER CONTESTANTS ARE FRAUDS!

ANY LUCK WITH THAT SECURITY TAPE, VELMA? IT LOOKS PRETTY STATE-OF-THE-ART.

STATE-OF-THE-ART IS RIGHT! THEIR CAMERAS TRACK MOTION WITH LASERS AND CAN RECORD IMAGES IN THE DARK.

AND THEY DID CATCH THE WITCH HUNTER ON TAPE...

...BUT IT ONLY SEEMS TO PROVE HE'S A REAL GHOST!

HERE'S A VIDEO RECORDING OF THE WITCH HUNTER STEALING EQUIPMENT FROM A STUDENT'S LAB--

-- AND THEN *VANISHING* INTO THIN AIR.

YOU SEE? HOW CAN WE STOP SUCH A THING?

I WON'T BELIEVE IT UNTIL I SEE HIM VANISH RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES!

AND WHEN HE TRIES... WE'LL SET *A TRAP!*

GULP! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT.

SOON--

WE'RE ALL SET HERE, VELMA!

PA-ZT

GREAT, FRED. OKAY, SHAGGY. NOW ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LURE THE WITCH HUNTER INTO CHASING YOU.

UH... DID YOU SAY "LURE THE WITCH HUNTER INTO CHASING ME"?

RUH-ROH!

THAT'S "DR. SHAGGY" TO YOU!

OH, WELL-- AHEM.

LIKE, LOOK AT US EVIL SCIENTISTS. BIG SCIENCE RIGHT IN HERE... SCARY TECHNOLOGY FOR THE WRECKING!

YEP, WE GOT IT ALL... DESTROYING THE RAINFOREST, ACID RAIN, ALL THE BAD STUFF! IT'S ALL RIGHT THROUGH THIS DOOR!

RRRRR!

TABLE FOR ONE?

FOR PUTTING THE *GRIM* IN *PIL-GRIM*, WE'D LIKE TO PRESENT MR. ANTI-SCIENCE WITCH HUNTER WITH... UM...

A RITTLE RATERELON?

LIKE, THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NO BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE THAN A LITTLE WATER-MELON...

...IN YOUR EYE!

RUN, SCOOB!!

GOOD THING WE FOUND THAT REAL WATERMELON, EH SCOOB? LIKE, I WONDER WHAT IT WAS DOING IN THE LAB!

RRRRRRR!!!!!

LIKE, FIRE AWAY --

--HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US!

GOT HIM!

AND THIS PAINT WILL FOIL HIS DISAPPEARING ACT!

SSSSS

IT'S...

DEAN MERVIS?!

=SPUTTER= I WAS WATCHING WITH VELMA FROM THE SECURITY OFFICE. THE CREATURE DISAPPEARED AS SOON AS YOU LEFT HIM ALONE. I CAME TO TELL YOU!

SORRY, DEAN, WE THOUGHT WE HAD HIM.

THIS IS POINTLESS! THE SCHOOL HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH DISTURBANCES. I SIMPLY CAN'T ENDORSE ANY FURTHER DISRUPTIONS!

I'M SORRY, KIDS, YOUR INVESTIGATION IS OVER.

I DON'T GET IT. THE TRAP SHOULD'VE BEEN FOOLPROOF. IT'S WORKED A THOUSAND TIMES.

DON'T WORRY, FRED. LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THOSE SECURITY TAPES.

THE NEXT DAY...

WHAT'S GOING ON? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU KIDS...

DEAN MERVIS, JUST IN TIME FOR OUR NEW TRAP! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THAT WE INVITED THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

WE'VE BEEN HERE ALL MORNING TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE WITCH HUNTER JUST DISAPPEARED. I'D BEEN OVER THESE TAPES A HUNDRED TIMES-- BUT THEN I HAD ANOTHER IDEA.

I PROTEST! THEY ALREADY TRIED A TRAP. THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME!

THE JUDGE DIDN'T THINK SO. I'VE GOT A *WARRANT* HERE FOR THE REEXAMINATION OF THE SECURITY VIDEOTAPE.

HOW IS A WARRANT GOING TO HELP CATCH A GHOST?

SETTLE DOWN, SIR. WE LISTENED TO YOU-- AND NOW WE'RE GONNA LISTEN TO THESE KIDS.

HERE'S THE PART WHERE THE WITCH HUNTER IS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR...

OF COURSE... THE SAME AS ALWAYS-- RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

NOT QUITE. I NOTICED THAT THE SYSTEM HAD BEEN SET TO VIEW ONLY THE OBJECTS RECORDED IN *VISIBLE LIGHT*. BUT I HAD AN IDEA...

I RESET IT TO PLAY THROUGH AN INFRARED LIGHT FILTER. NOW, WE CAN FILTER OUT ANYTHING BEING USED TO FOOL THE CAMERA...

...LIKE *HOLOGRAMS!*

LIKE, THERE'S *ANOTHER* WITCH HUNTER-- AND HE HAS A *BUDDY!*

THE LASERS IN THE SECURITY CAMERAS WERE BEING USED TO PROJECT A *HOLOGRAM* OF THE WITCH HUNTER--

CLICK CLICK

-- BOTH TO FOOL US IN REAL LIFE, *AND* TO DISGUISE SOMETHING HAPPENING ON CAMERA.

THAT'S THE STUDENT WITH THE HOLOGRAM EXHIBIT!

AND THAT'S... *DEAN MERVIS!!*

WHERE DO YOU THINK *YOU'RE* GOING?

THEY USED A HOLOGRAM OF A WITCH HUNTER TO CONCEAL THEIR OWN IMAGES FROM THE CAMERA-- WHILE STEALING EQUIPMENT *DISGUISED* AS ONE!

SO, LIKE, I GET IT! THE FIRST TIME WE CHASED THE WITCH HUNTER, THAT WAS JUST A HOLOGRAM TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL!

RIGHT, RAGGY!

NO! I'M A RESPECTED DEAN OF SCIENCE! I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME!

LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND A WAY TO FIGHT CRIME WITH NEW TECHNOLOGY AFTER ALL.

NOW WE HAVE TO GIVE CREDIT TO THE *RIGHT PERSON*... AND I KNOW WHO IT IS!

LATER...

THE DEAN AND HIS ACCOMPLICE HAVE BEEN STEALING FROM THE TECHNOLOGY FAIR FOR YEARS.

BUT THEY KNEW THEY WEREN'T GOING TO FOOL A WHOLE SCHOOL OF SCIENTISTS FOR LONG, SO THEY GOT *SOPHISTICATED*.

LAST YEAR, THEY KICKED ME OUT OF THE COMPETITION AND USED MY TECHNOLOGY TO TRICK THE OTHER CONTESTANTS INTO FLEEING.

THANKS TO YOU GUYS, I WON'T BE MOPPING FLOORS FOR A LIVING ANYMORE. THE DEAN'S RECORDS PROVED THE WORK WAS MINE-- AND NOW I CAN FINALLY GET MY *RESEARCH GRANT!*

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS THE DEAN ALL ALONG... HE'S SUCH A WELL-KNOWN INVENTOR.

ALL THE DEAN REALLY INVENTED WAS WAYS TO RIP OFF *REAL* INVENTORS, LIKE YOU.

WAIT, THEY'RE NOT GONNA FOOL US WITH HOLOGRAMS AGAIN. RIGHT, SCOOB? LIKE, LET'S GO FIND SOME *SOLID* FOOD!

ANYONE WANT A SANDWICH?

HA HA

LET'S SEE... I'M THINKING SMOKED SALMON WITH CREAM CHEESE, TOMATOES, ONIONS...

HA HA HA

ROOBY-ROOBY-ROO!

THE END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"